RETREAT FROM RICHMOND. CRUTCHFIELD AND THE "ARTILLERY BRIGADE."

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

FIGHT AT SAILOR'S CREEK.

A Desperate Charge-Yelled Like Demons-A Gallant Officer Killed-Forced to Surrender-Prisoners of War-Some of the Captured,

Richmond, Va., April 27, 1997.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: home in St. Louis, I noticed in your paper of the 25th instant a letter from Colonel the retreat from Richmond and the fight at Sailor's Creek. This has put me in more especially of the retreat from Rich-

During the winter of 1864-'63 my batbeen commanded by Major William Allen, of Cleremont, but at that time by Major J. O. Hensley, of Bedford county. It was and Thomas P. Wilkinson; Company B. formed and were advancing in force. from Bedford county, Captain Robert B. Cayton; Company D. from Prince and we were prisoners of war. I receive the correct Cayton; Captain C. Shirley Harrison, of Droke my sword over a saulter return.

and the Eighteenth Georgia Battailon, also attached to our command, formed what was known as the "Arthery Brigade," which at that time was under the command of Colonel Crutchfield.

If I have made any omissions I would be flad to have them supplied.

The adjutant-general of the brigade was Captain W. N. Worthington, of Richmond. Captain Worthington had been a schoolmate of mine at Hanover Academy that before the war. Major-General

my just before the war. Major-General G. W. Custis Lee commanded the division and Lieutenant-General Ewell the

practice, and manned the heavy guns on the line of the Richmond defences. We were also well drilled in infantry tactics, and were armed with rifles. I wish that it was possible to give all the names tant movements pending. That night we received marching orders, and were under way by midnight. As our supplies of every description were exceedingly scant we were strictly in "light marching order." Our daily rations for some time past had been one pound of comment and a quarhaversacks. We moved towards James river, crossing on a pontoon bridge above Drewry's Bluff. The explosions of the magazines at Chaffin's and Drewry's Eduff and at Richmond could be recognized by the says nothing about the slaughteness. ry's Euff and at Richmond could be plainly heard.

Early Monday morning we learned that Richmond was burning. We were then moving in the direction of Burkeville Junction, It was a forced march, halting only to rest on our arms. To add to other discomforts, a cold rain set in, Footsore, almost starved, and well nigh exhausted. eers, moreover, constantly annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, which hung on our rear. Thus the retreat continued until the afternoon of Thursday, April 6th. More than half of the control of the con haif of our men had straggled or

S. C., had a severe case of catarrh, that she was entirely deaf in one ear, and part of the bone in her nose sloughed off. The best physicians treated her in vain, and she used washes to no avail. Fourteen bottles of S. S. S.

promptly reached the seat of the disease, and cured her sound and well.

and brought them thus far were ready to ace any foe. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th we arrived at Sallor's Creek. The stream had been swellen by the rains of the past few days and the waters overflowed the banks. We waded across this stream and took position on the rising ground about one hun-dred yards beyond. The ground was co-vered with a growth of broom straw and a few small bushes—mostly pine. Our line of battle was long drawn out—exceedingly thin. Very soon after taking our position the enemy opened a brisk fire on us from a battery posted on the opposite ridge, about 260 yards away. We had no artille-ry to return the fire. This fire did but little damage to my immediate command, but our brigade suffered severely further to the right. Their infantry then appear-ed in solid line. They moved steadily fored in solid line. They moved steadily for-ward, reached the creek which we had so recently crossed, waded through, as we had done, dressed up their line, and con-tinued their advance towards the rising ground where our men lay. When they had advanced to within thirty or forty paces of our line the order was given to charge. In a moment we were on our feet yelling like demons, and rushing upon their line. It has always been a mystery o me why they did not then and there wipe our little band from the face of the arth. It may be that the very audacity our charge bewildered and demoralized em. At any rate, they broke and fied at before we reached them, but a porjust before we reached them, but a por-tion of the line engaged in a hand-to-hand light. We followed them to the edge of the stream, into which they plunged, our men keeping up a deadly fire on them as they crossed. It was during this charge that my company suffered most severely. One third were either killed or wounded, more or less seriously.

GALLANT CRUTCHFIELD KILLED. of the 2th instant a letter from Colonel
R. T. W. Duke, giving some incidents of
the retreat from Richmond and the fight
at Sailor's Creek. This has put me in
a reminiscent moed, and I would like to
give, for your Confederate column, some
of my recollections of those stirring times,
thore especially of the retreat from Richand Creek the participation of my comdeavoring to reform his men on my com-pany, which was the color company, he was shot through the head and instantly killed. I regret that I cannot give a run list of those who fell. We had hardly regained our former position when Sheridan's cavalry came down on us from the re r. A young cavalry officer, riding in among us, begged us to surrender, telling us that we were entirely surrounded, and that further resistance was useless. It was so gallant an act no one atempted to molest him. In the mean while the infantry, which

had been driven across the creek, had re-Brandon, and Company E, from Henrico, than surrender it. When the infantry which we had so recently repulsed came up to us again, it was with amilian and the Nineteenth which we had so recently repulsed came up to us again, it was with smiling faces. They commenced opening their haversucks, offering to share their "hard tack" with us more under the command of deuterant-Colonel John Wilder Atkinon, of Richmond, with Lieutenant John and Twentieth Virginia attallops, commanded by Lieutenant, treated with every consideration by the back across Sallor's Creek, and camped that night in an old field. The next morning-7th-we started on our long march to Petersburg and City Point, en route to northern prisons.

TO POINT LOOKOUT.

The non-commissioned officers and men were mostly taken to Point Lookout, while almost all of the officers were eventually taken to Johnson's Island, in Lake Eric. We took a boat at City Point, and when we touched at Fortress Monroe, on the morning of April 15th, learned that President Lincoln had been assassinated the night before. We were taken to Balti-more and from there to Washington. The that it was possible to give all the names of the command, but space would not permit it, even if I could recall them after all of these years. I would be glad to see published a complete roster of all officers and men of the Artillery lirigade at the time of the ovacuation, and of those who were at Satior's Creek.
On the afternoon of Sunday, April 24, 10st Cause, Arrived in Richmond June 25th.

Several years ago a friend of mine in St. Louis gave me a copy of the New York Herald, in which was a dispatch from one of its war correspondents, dated Farm-ville, Va., April 9, 1855. He spoke of the fight at Sailor's Creek as follows: "Immense Slaughter of the Enemy."—

The slaughter of the enemy in the fight of the 6th instant exceeded anything I ever saw. The ground over which they fought was literally strewn with their killed. The

his own men. We had an idea that we were doing some "slaughtering" ourselves. However, this dispatch goes to prove However, this dispatch goes to prove that the fight was no child's play. He then gives "a list of some of the rebel of then gives "a list of some of the rebel of lears captured on the 6th instant," as fol-

Navy-Admiral Hunter, Commodore Navy-Admiral Hunter, Commodore Tucker, Captain Simms, Midshipman J. H. Hamilton, Lieutenant H. H. Marmaduke, Master W. R. Mays, Midshipman C. F. Sevier, Midshipman T. M. Bowen, Lieutenant C. L. Stanton, Lieutenant J. P. Claybrook; John R. Chisman, master'smate, Lieutenant M. G. Porter, Lieufenant R. J. Bowen, Lieutenant W. W. Roberts, Lieutenant J. W. Matterson, Midshipman W. F. Nelson, Lieutenant M. M. Benton, Master's-Mate S. G. Turner, Lieutenant W. F. Shum, Lieutenant T. C. Pinkney, Captain T. B. Ball, Lieutenant H. Ward, Midshipman B. S. Johnson, Midshipman F. L. Place, Lieutenant D. Trigg, Midshipman T. Berein, Midshipmen C. Myers, J. M. Gardner, Marine Corps. Captain George Holens,

Marine Corps Captain George Holens, Captain T. S. Wilson, Lieutenant F. Mc-Kee, Lieutenant A. S. Berry, Lieutenant

Marine Corps—Captain George Holocopte in S. Wilson, Lieutenant F. McKee, Lieutenant A. S. Berry, Lieutenant
T. P. Gwinn.

Army Officers — Lieutenant - General
Ewell, Ceneral Corse, General Barton,
General Hunton, General J. P. Simons,
General J. T. De Bose, General Custis
Lee, General Kershaw and staff, Colonel
C. C. Sanders, Twenty-fourth Georgia;
Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Timberlake,
Fifty-third Virginia; Lieutenant N. S.
Hutchins, Third Georgia; Lieutenant
Colonel Hamilton Phil, Georgia Legion;
Major J. M. Goggen, Major E. L. Caston,
Captain J. M. Davis, Captain Carwall,
Coptain J. W. Walker, A. A. G.; Captain
C. S. Dwight, Captain McRae Cane, Sixteenth Georgia; Colonel Armstrong,
Eighteenth Georgia; Captain I. Bass,
Twenty-fifth Virginia Battery; Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. False, Twenty-second
Virginia Battery; Major F. C. Smith,
Twenty-fourth Georgia; Captain J. F.
Tompkins, Twenty-second Virginia; Lieutenant H. C. Tompkins, Twenty-second
Virginia; Captain W. C. Winn, Twentysecond Virginia; Adjutant S. D. Davies,
Forty-seventh Virginia; H. W. O. Gatewood Thirty-seventh Virginia; H. W. O. Gatewood Thirty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant
Williams, Third Georgia Sharpshooters;
Lieutenant J. L. Buford, Captain J. L.
Jarrett, Sixty-ninth Virginia; Lieutenant

J. T. Fanneyhaugh, Twentieth Virgitia
Battalion; Captain J. A. Haynes, Fiftyfifth Virginia; Captain A. Reynolds,
Fifty-fifth Virginia; Captain J. H. Fleet,
Fifty-fifth Virginia; Captain J. H. Fleet,
Fifty-fifth Virginia; Lieutenant W.
C. Robinson, Fifty-fifth Virginia; Lieutenant Thomas Fauntieroy, Fifty-fifth
Virginia; Captain R. T. Bland, Fifty-fifth
Virginia; Adjutant R. L. Williams, Fiftyfifth Virginia; Lieutenant J. R. P.
Humphries, Fifty-fifth Virginia; Lieutenant E. J. Ragland, Fifty-third Virginia; Lieutenant A. B. Willingham, Fifty-third
Virginia; Lieutenant-Colohel T. G. Barbour, Twenty-fourth Virginia; Captain
W. F. Harrison, Twenty-fourth Virginia;
Lieutenant - Colonel James Howard,
Eighteenth and Twentieth Virginia battalions; Captain A. Austin Smith, ord-Eighteenth and Twentieth Virginia battalions; Captain A. Austin Smith, ordnance officer; Captain McHenry Howard, General Custis, Lee's staff; Lieutenant J. F. Porteous, ordinance officer; Major J. E. Robertson, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Captain S. H. Overton, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Captain R. K. Hargo, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant C. W. Hunter, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. H. Lewis, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. H. Lewis, Twentieth Virginia Rattalion; Lieutenant A. G. Williams, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant B. Scruggs, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant B. Scruggs, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant B. Scruggs, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Millams, Twentieth Virginia Rattaion; Lieutenant B. Scruggs, Twentieth Vir-ginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. N. Snel-son, Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieu-tenant E. Coffin, Twentieth Virginia Battenant E. Collin, Twentten Vignia Battalion; Lieutenant P. F. Vaden. Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant P. F. Vaden. Twentieth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant C. Onell A. D. Bruce, Fortyseventh Virginia; Adjutant S. G. Davies, Forty-seventh Virginia; Adjutant S. G. Davies, Forty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant J. S. Hutt, Forty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant J. S. Hutt, Forty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant J. M. Atkinson, Tenth and Nineteenth Virginia Battalions; Captain T. P. Wilkinson, Tenth and Nineteenth Virginia Battalions; Captain T. P. Wilkinson, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Captain T. B. Blake, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Captain T. B. Blake, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Captain R. B. Claytor, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. W. Turner, Tenth Virginia Eattalion; Lieutenant J. W. Turner, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant A. P. Bohannon, Adjutant Wilson, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant A. P. Bohannon, Adjutant Wilson, Tenth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant W. Stevenson, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant W. Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant Joseph Russell, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion; Captain D. L. Smoot, Eighteenth Virginia, Righteenth Virginia, Righteenth Virginia, Rattalion; Captain D. L. Smoot, Eighteenth Virginia; Lieutenant W. Roane Ruffin, Chamberlayne's Battery; Captain B. E. Coltrana, Twenty-fourth Virginia; Captain J. W. Barr, Barr's Battery; Lieutenant W. F. Campbell, Barr's Battery; Captain H. Nelson, Twenty-eighth Virginia; Lieutenant C. K. Nelson, Twenty-eighth Virginia; Lieutenant J. B. Leftwich, Twenty-eighth Mississippi; Lieutenant J. B. Leftwich, Twenty-eighth Wirginia; Lieutenant J. E. Glossen, Forty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant R. P. Welling, Twelfth Mississippi; Chaplain E. A. Garrison, Forty-eighth Mississippi; Lieutenant J. Foyler, Fifty-eighth Virginia; Lieutenant J. Foyler, Fifty-eighth Virginia; Lieutenant J. Foyler, Fifty-eighth Virginia Battalion; Lieutenant J. B. Hardin, Lieutenant J. B. Walling, Twelfth Mississippi; Chaplain L. B. Walling, Twelfth Mississippi; Chapla

first Georgia; Captain R. N. Askow, Fifty-first Georgia; Captain V. B. Baglow, Fifty-first Georgia; Lieutenant J. A. Brown, Fifty-first Georgia; Lieutenant J. A. Brown, Fifty-first Georgia; Lieutenant C. W. S. Swanson, Captain H. J. Otis, Second North Carolina, Evans's Brigade; Lieutenant P. A. Green, Third Georgia; Captain W. G. Baird, Twenty-fourth North Carolina; Captain W. A. Smith, Fiftieth Georgia; Captain W. A. Smith, Fiftieth Georgia; Captain G. E. Fahn, Fiftieth Georgia; Lieutenant Thompson, Thirty-fifth North Carolina; Lieutenant J. B. Percell, Fifty-sixth Virginia.

The above list will doubtless be of interest to old soldiers who may chance to see it. Very respectfully.

see it. Very respectfully.

THOMAS BALLARD BUAKE,

Eate Captain Company E, Tenth Virginia
Pattalion Artillery.

Newport News. (Washington Post.)

(Washington Post.)

"The shipbuilding plant at Newport News, when fully completed, will be the finest and best equipped of its kind in the United States," said Mr. Fred Reade, one of the enterprising citizens of that growing city, at the Hotel Johnson.

"Three battleships are under construction there at present for the government, and three gunboats. Two of the latter have made their preliminary trials, and are shortly to make their official trips. The dry-dock is taxed to its fullest capacity to complete the work which is accumulating every month. The concern gives employment to more than 3,000 men and boys. We have a regular line of steamers running between Newport News and London and Livernool, to carry out the grain and live-stock from the West, and the coal from the Virginias, which is brought via the Chesapeake and Ohio to brought via the Chesapeake and Ohio to

"Mr. Huntington's shrewd foresight in building this city by the sea is amply vindicated. In 1879 Newport News was nothing but a James River plantation; to-day it is a prosperous town of 15,000 souls, with militons of dollars invested, and steadily growing. Our people are keenly alive to the great possibilities of the future, and are exerting themselves to attract new industries. We feel that we have the coming great city of the South."

A New Juliet. THISTE

(New York Weekly.) Fair Young Creature (after some reci-tations): Do you think I would do for Manager (anxious not to hurt her feel-

ings): Um-or-well, you'd look very pretty in the tomb.

FAITH CURE A GOOD THING,

In Some Diseases, But It Is a Failure

in Stomach Troubles. Mere faith will not digest your food for you, will not give you an appetite, will not increase your flesh and strengthen not increase your flesh and strengthen your nerves and heart, but Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do these things, because they are composed of the elements of digestion, they contain the juices, acids, and peptones necessary to the digestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

gestion and assimilation of all wholesome food.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest food if placed in a far or buttle in water heated to 35 degrees, and they will do it much more effectively when taken into the stomach after meals, whether you have faith that they will do not.

They invigorate the stomach, make pure blood and strong nerves, in the only way that nature can do it, and that is, from plenty of wholesome food well digested. It is not what we cat, but what we digest that does us good.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tableta are sold by nearly all druggists at \$50. for full-sized package, or by mail from the Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

Bend for book on Stomach Diseases.

GEN. HUNDLEY'S TALK HIS ABLD SPECK DELIVERED BE-

DONNE, E. LEE CAMP.

THE WAR'S FIRST BATTLE TOLD OF. A Realistic Description of Fearful Carnage and an Illustration of How the Southern Soldier Over-

Following is the full text of the able address delivered by General George J. Hundley, of Amelia, before the members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, on the occasion of their fourteenth anniversary, In view of its historic value and its realistic description of one of the bloodlest battles of the civil war, it will, no doubt, prove of interest to many old Confederates who hadn't the pleasure of hear-

came His Multitudinous Difficulties

Friends and Comrades of Lee Camp: On this, your fourteenth anniversary, I come to speak to you and to thank you for your kind remembrance of a comrade whom a distant home and the multiplied cares of 4ife prevent from meeting with you in these assemblies.



I know your good works and feel like applying to you the words of the Great Apostle, "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that the charity of every one of you all toward each other aboundeth."

I have been among the worn and scarred veterans, reposing in their last days beneath the shelter you have provided for them. I have passed through your hospital and seen there the comforts provided for their maimed, old bodies, that otherwise they never could bodies, that otherwise they never could have known. Winter before last I thought for a time that our boys—the sons of veterans in the Legislature—were going to deny to these, our broken comrades, a State appropriation. It was not long, however, before their true manliness and nobility of nature asserted itself, and they quickly retrieved their one mistake, giving you the means to carry on your good work.

Now, my comrades, with these preliminaries, I shall make my subject for the occasion "The Southern Soldier."

As the past affords no model, the future will have no parallel. He was unique in every sense of the word. The product of a civilization that had no model and that can never exist again, he has played his great part in this world's drama and passed out of view forever. When I speak of him thus, my friends, I am not unmindful of the fact that many still live. Some of us are still lingering on the stage, but our occupation is gone. NO MORE FIGHTING FOR THEM.

recall us to a sense of time's relentless changes and of our own untimely friskiness.

No, my friends, if there is any more marching or fighting, our boys must do it. We will never march or fight again, save in our dreams, or, like Uacle Toby and Corporal Trim, fight over all our battles by the winter's fireside. I said the southern soldier was the product of a civilization that had no model, and that has passed away forever. Reared among slaves in a sparsely-settled and mostly agricultural country, with the old-fashioned, simple faith of the fathers, including obedience to parents, prevailing around him, he acquired both the habit of obedience and of command.

Himself the master of slaves, he became the greatest lover of freedom the world has ever known. Accustomed to the hardness of outdoor country life and all manner of field sports, he rode like a centaur and fought like a Roman legionary. Whether reared amid poverty or wealth, he was under any and all circumstances a gentleman. Some people have foolishly talked and written of a class of gentlemen in the southern armies giving character to them. All, all were gentlemen. Some were rough in exterior, made so by poverty and hardship, but all were actuated by the loftlest patriotism and sense of honor. It would have been just-as impossible for southern soldiers to have committed the outrages against decency and humanity which were perpetrated by Sherman's and Sheridan's soldiers as it was for Lee in Pennsylvania to have sanctioned or permitted these crimes.

NO VANDALS THERE.

soldiers as it was for Lee in Fennsylvania to have sanctioned or permitted these crimes.

We had in our ranks the North Carolina tarheel, the Georgia cracker, and the Virginia poor man, but no vandals. We had a Lee, a Johnston, a Stuart, a Jackson, and a Forest, but no Sherman, no Sheridan, no Ben Butler, Even to the very last the southern soldier was no machine. Accustomed, in his peaceful home to think and act for himself, he continued the habit to the last.

Every private considered himself the equal of his captain or his general, and he was, in patriotism and true nobility of soul; and yet his reverence for and obedience to authority were unsurpassed. Our commanders, with the exception of a few martinets, understood and appreciated this. Love, not fear, was the motive power in our armies, and it is the mightlest leverage ever applied in this world. The immorial kingdom of the lowly Nazarene bears living testimony to its all-conquering, unconquered, and unconquerable power. An intelligent appreciation of the issues involved in the war inspired even the humblest privates, and urged them on to deeds of daring. The history of this world is blood-stained from the first to the last page. It is full of marches and battles, and of the achievements of great soldiers, and equally as full of scenes of rapine and brutal outrage, committed by common soldiers, and licensed by their generals, but never before did it have to record the marches and battles of an army of gentlemen-commanded by gentlemen. Its pages blaze with the names of Thermopylae, Actium, and Waterico, but where the mames of Lee and Jackson, of Port Republic, of the Wilderness, of Gettysburg, and Cold Harbor are written, an increasing halo of giory will arise, shedding a new and strange light, tempered and softened by the exalted character and genius of the migh who commanded southern armies, before which all the giory of heartless and gelfish conquerors and their needless battles shall grow bale and dim.

What raw militia ever fought like our at First Ma



THE CANNON'S BOOM.

What a morning for a battle! What a morning to usher in four years of bloody warfare, which should seam with scars our sweet southern land and drape the portals of every home with mourning emblems! We had scarcely swallowed our coffee few had some in those days when the booming of two guns immediately in our front and the hurtling of a few shells far over our heads warned us that the hall had opened and hurried us down to our trenches (thrown up with bayonets and through the night before). As the enemy's skirmishers approached and the minle-balls whistled overhead in total that one man took a Testament from his pocket, and sitting boit upright, with his head above the breastworks, began to read it. He seemed totally unconscious of the orders to get down and of the exposure of his person at the same time, till a leutenant drew his sword and threatened to take his head off. Two MORE JEST THEREAFTER.

Warren was sent staggering back. Old "Marse Bob" had said "check" to Grant for the first time. A friend told me an amusing occurrence flustrative of the instant of the cavalry and and wounded men were at a church some two miles in rear, and the cavalry were of the cavalry was with them. As the head of the men, hearing the steady roil of musketry in from his pocket, and sitting boit upright, with his head above the breastworks, began to read it. He seemed totally unconscious of the orders to get down and of the exposure of his person at the same time, till a leutenant drew his sword and threatened to take his head off, when the man suddenly returned to consciouses and done the deal of the orders to get down and of the exposure of his person at the same time, till a lleutenant drew his sword and threatened to take his head off, when the man suddenly returned to consciouses and observed the order. Two THE CANNON'S BOOM.

sword and threatened to take his head off, when the man suddenly returned to consciousness and obeyed the order. Two curious specimens were this licutenant and his old sword. The sword was shaped like a Turkish scimitar, and the licutenant, who had been a militia colonel, had worn it no doubt on many a "general muster-day" when walking-sticks and umbrellas constituted the weapons of the rank and file. He had long been "muster free," but volunteered and fought through the war, being brave as a lion.

Our regiment was supporting Latham's Battery at Lewis's Ford. His guns were magked, and as the main body of the enemy approached he ran them out in the road and opened on them. His commands were distinctly heard all down the line, and wa felt for the first time that peculiar elailon which the booming of our own cannon always excited. This first taste of a masked battery w2s too much for the enemy; they hastily retired, and Latham turned his strention to two of their guns in front of him, soon "knocking them into pie." There we saw them the next day, spiked and abandoned. Soon, though quiet ourselves, we began to haar the increasing roar of battle over on our extreme left, about the Henry House, and an order came for us to double quick to the left. Out of our riflepits we tumbled, coming into line on the plain immediately in rear of our old position. The enemy saw and shelled us savagely all the way. A shell, nearly spent, swapping ends as it bounded along, passed close to the head of our column and very near the legs of a tail orderly sergeant. He jumped up about 3 feet as it passed, and the ugly thing seemed to have taken all the starch out of him, for he dropped out behind a tree, and the least I saw of him was parting with his breakfast, so eagerly swallowed a few thours before.

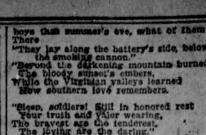
WHERE JACKSON WAS DUBBED.

last I saw of him was parting with his breakfast, so eagerly swallowed a few hours before.

WHERE JACKSON WAS DUBBED. We were halted and ordered to lie down behind a slightly rising ground, covered with scrub oak and pine. Presently we saw a long column of men coming up on our extreme left and rear. We could see them passing a narrow opening in the timber at double quick, but could not make them out, whether friends or foes, but we felt that their coming would decide the controversy. It was there, right in front of us, that Bee and Barton died, and that Jackson, the college professor, was then "standing like a stone wall"—standing with his raw recruits and dashing back like ocean spray the tide of overwhelming numbers, which had for hours beaten upon him and roared and surged around him. It was there that the southern youths, fresh from the store and the plow a few months before, had behaved like Wellington's veterans of many campaigns at Waterloo. Did this world ever see the like of those boys of the Sunny South? Will it ever see their like again?

All at once, above the steady roll of musketry in our front, there broke loose tho most awful, blended roar of artillery and musketry. The earth trembled. The mon on our left were getting in their work, but whether this was the sign of our triumph or our doom, we did not know. Our brave colouel, John B. Strange, thinking from the trembling of the earth that the enemy's cavalry were charging, threw the regiment into columns of companies, preparatory to forming a hollow square. He never took his shortstemmed pipe out of his mouth, but his face chowed great anxiety.

In a few minutes an excited aide came tearing through the bushes in front, and shouted to Latham, and you can give them—" At this, gallight old Latham swept around our right at a gallop, and, unlimbering on the crest of the hill, joined in the dreadful chorus with his brazen-throated choristers. Whether he fully answered the expectations of the right of muskery died away, and there set in that helier-skeiv



wild-onion flavor, with white our carry commissariat aboutnet to we have the commissariat aboutnet to we have commissariat aboutnet to we have the commissariat aboutnet to we have the commissariat aboutnet to we have the commissariat aboutnet to make him a two-edged sword, weighing, I suppose, twenty pounds, and a Bowle weighing half as much. This eword was fully four inches broad, and around to a tharp edge and the commissation of the commissation of the property of the chance of the property of the proper

NO MORE JEST THEREAFT



"How much does the baby

"How much does the baby weigh" is only another way of asking, "Is he healthy and strong?" When a baby is welcomed into the world with loving care and forethought, his chances of health and strength are increased a hundred-fold.

A prospective mother cannot begin too early to look after her own health and physical condition. This is sure to be reflected in the baby. Any weakness or nervous depression, or lack of vigor on the mother's part should be overcome early during the expectant time by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Brescription, which promotes the perfect health and strength of the organism specially concerned in motherhood.

It makes the coming of baby absolutely safe and comparatively free from pain; renders the mother strong and cheerful, and transmits healthy constitutional vigor to the child.

ders the mother strong and caeering, and transmits healthy constitutional vigor to the child.

No other medicine in the world has been such an unqualified blessing to mothers and their children. It is the one positive specific for all weak and diseased conditions of the feurisine organism. It is the only medicine of its kind devised for this one purpose by a trained and educated specialist in this particular field.

Mrs. P. B. Cannings, of No. 4200 Mumphrey St., St. Louis, Mo., writes "I am now a happy mother of a fine, healthy baby cirl. Feel that your 'Favorite Prescription' and little 'Fellets have done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using your medicine. I took three bottles of the Frescription. Consequences were I was only in labor forty-five mixues. With my first baby I suffered is hours, then had to lose him. He was very delicate and only lived to hours. For two years I suffered satiold agony, and had two miscarriages. The Pavorite Prescription' gaved both my child and myself. My haby is not yet three weeks old and I do not think I ever fait better in my life."

Go to your doctor the advice; he is the best man to tell you what medicin you need. Go to your drugknows more about days than a dry goods man,

Stick to your doctor and to your druggist if you are a sick man, but don't go to your druggist for advice. If your doctor tells you to get Scott's Emulsion it is because he knows is to be the remedy in all conditions of wasting, the one reliable, permanens preparation.

Get subat you ask for,

parch a little com in his pan. I answered "Yes," and he drew around to the front an old dirty, cotten havereack, took out a handful of com, and put it in his pan. He was only a plain, old Tarhem, but he was a fair troe of that immortal infantry, that recaptured "the bloody angle" at Spotsylvania, I said:

"My friend, is thet all you have to cat?" He said, "This is all, and I have had nothing else for three days."

STAND BY LEE UNITE, THE LAST.

STAND BY LEE UNTIL THE LAST.

ind seen shoused dead cavairymen there to take fine point out of the sizle Joke. There Grant's great army had crossed the Reppataencek, and was pressing to sain, the zerr of our army before Lee could strike him a blow, and he would have accomplished his pure front of the could strike him a blow, and he would have accomplished his pure front of Warren's Corps of Infantry at Spotsylvania Courtbouse, and there Fiz Lee, with his dashing and trusty liebtemants. Wickham and Payno, dismounted with fought Warren, holding him at bay for three days, whilst "Marse Bob" gathered his infantry and artillers and Rayried down the Plank read to our rescue. Long-street magning in front. On striking the enemy Longstreet was wounded, and Stuart took Command of his division.

FITZ HAD TO WITHDRAW.
On the third day (Sundays), in the morning, as usual, we marched out by daylight to meet Warren. Wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours Wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours Wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours Wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and Poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours wickham's men, dismounted and poyne mounted in rear to support him. For hours will have a surface of the same to support him. For hours will have a surface of the poyne have been defined to be surface of the poyne have been defined to

KEEP THE MEMORIES ALIVE KEEP THIS MEMORIES ALIVE.

Keep up your campaires, my compaies of Camp Leel Keep them brightly burneling, to give comfort to the broken and wasted bodies of our unfortunate compades Build up your fires, and let them not die down till the last old Confederate reaches the banks of the dark river—that they may light him on his painful march; and then, when you need them no longer, the teers of our sweet southern fills will extinguish the last fire, as they weep over the dead and scarred form of their last defender. The rushing, earer world